

MRS. NAGG AND MR. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

Where Can a Wife Be Found Worthy of Brother Willie, the Dear Boy?



SO Alice Roosevelt is going to be married, Mr. Nagg? Now, there would have been a nice girl for Brother Willie. Oh, don't look at me in that manner. Of course Brother Willie is too young to marry, he being only a boy of twenty-four, and his time taken up with his boyish sports and his club, the Jolly Fallbearers; and he is under a terrible strain as it is, for he has promised me not to smoke cigarettes after a while if I will give him \$1 a day every day while he is making up his mind.

As for being young, well, I am sure I was only a schoolgirl with my dresses to my shoe-tops when I married you.

No, I am not saying I regret it, Mr. Nagg; I am not saying that. But when one is young how one is deluded, and while I will always contradict mamma when she says I will regret it still I could have done better, Mr. Nagg, I could have done better!

Mamma is not prejudiced against you, Mr. Nagg, but you and she do not get along together, and that is a fact.

Of course a man flies into a temper and doesn't consider how he is hurting a mother's feelings—and no one but a mother knows what a mother's feelings are!

To mamma I am still a child and she knows how you act. Not that you are openly cruel or brutal, Mr. Nagg, you are too cute for that; but there are other ways of crushing a woman's heart besides brutality!

A woman likes a little attention, she likes a little appreciation, and a husband comes home and only thinks of his own comforts and never sees his wife's heart is breaking under his neglect.

I have hardly had time to sit down for a week, what with the Christmas shopping and getting and discharging five new girls, and having to show them where the things are kept and doing all the work for them because they pretend to be so stupid, and calling on Mrs. Terwilliger on Wednesdays and at Mrs. Stryver's on Thursdays and seeing a matinee or two and attending the Modern Mothers' meetings and hearing a lot of old maids snoring and cackling, and going to two of Mrs. Heavytop's Hours of Soul and Song.

Oh, if ever there was a sordid, grasping, ignorant woman, with nothing but her nerve to carry her on her career of wheedling money out of silly people, it is that fraud of a Mrs. Heavytop!

She was exposed in Chicago, you say? Oh, she explained that perfectly to my satisfaction, and I think it was to her credit.

She was lecturing on "Self-Defense Versus Selfishness," when a woman got up and accused her of swindling her out of two hundred dollars; but as the money was paid back she was vindicated triumphantly! So there!

It is just like a man to try to drag a woman down. Let a man do everything that is wicked—deceive his wife and spend all his money and stay out late—and all you men will defend him and shield him. But if a woman does the least thing wrong and tries to live it down, don't men advise their wives to cut her as soon as their wives tell them about it?

I am glad Brother Willie has as yet not broken any woman's heart, but when the time comes for him to marry I know he will not marry beneath him!

It appears strange to me that millionaires' daughters should marry foreign noblemen when such young men as Brother Willie and his friends, Robbie the Toad and Sneeze the Fish, who are nature's noblemen, are not sought out and given money to start them in some high-toned business where they will not have to work, but can order underlings around.

But it is a queer world, Mr. Nagg; it's a queer world!

A Bunch of Farewells.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

James Hamlin Hyde will sail for Europe Dec. 20 for an extended stay in Paris.

With the little blonde James Hyde. The white with streaming eyes. Black hair friend throws him as he goes.

The following good-byes:

Harriman Farewell:
"Every morn' I'll miss the Violets,
Those whose labor-fruit I culled;
Every eve in vain I'll search for
One whose legs as easy pulled.
Oh, it grieves me, gentle Violets,
That of yore I used to say:
"Wow! wow! wow!" on all occasions
When I played you for a jay!"

McCall Farewell:
"James, mavourneen, the this ice is
breaking.
The horn of graft-hunters is heard on
the hills;
And Hughes from the Great Ones some
weird facts is shaking.
Aiming unkindly the Combine to spill,
Have you forgotten our noble endeavor
Tree?"

Alexander Farewell:
"Good-by, little James, good-by!
Don't cry, little James, don't cry!
With both Hamilton and you
What will poor old Paris do?
So good-by, little James! Fly high!"

Duminy Directors' Farewell:
Frayed to atoms is his heart!
Give, oh, give him back his part
Of the Equitable nest!
Charles Hughes has wrecked the rest.
Back to dear old France goes he.
Geel! What luck for gay Fareel!
(Both vanishes Francoeur to tune
"In the Shade of the Old Family
Tree.")

JIMMY JOHNNYPANTS.

The Boy Who Eats Too Much; This Is What He Saw. By L. A. Scarl.



Live Christmas Toys.

By Clarence Rigby.



HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

The Marriage Question—Again.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:

Have just finished reading your article of this date, "What Do Men Marry For?" Men don't marry. They are married. Looking at this from this standpoint the solution of your problem is easy.

C. J.

BEAUTY HINTS.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

A Good Hair Tonic.

MRS. J. R.—I give you a bleach which contains glycerine as one of its ingredients, but whether it is the one you refer to I am not able to say. Also a hair tonic, as you suggest.

Recipe:—Lime juice, 8 ounces; rose water, 4 ounces; alcohol, 2 ounces; oil of lemon, 34 drops; glycerine, 34 ounces. Mix the rose water and lemon juice and add about half of the alcohol. Agitate well and let stand about four hours. Dissolve the oil in the remainder of the alcohol and add the first mixture. To be used daily or whenever required.

Hair Tonic:—Sulphate of quinine, 1 dram; rose water, 8 ounces; dilute sulphuric acid, 15 minims; rectified spirits, 2 ounces; mix; then further add glycerine, 14 ounce; essence rose or essence musk, 5 or 6 minims. Agitate until solution is complete. Apply to the roots every day.

Hair Comes in Darker.

B. E. S.—The reason of this tendency is that the hair grows out of its natural color, and, of course, is darker. Apply the peroxide with a toothbrush to the roots of the hair only, and don't let it touch the rest of the hair.

To Develop the Bust.

F. O.—You should not require any artificial means for development at twenty but keep breathing, eating and an outdoor, free, happy life and simple wholesome diet.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1,384, New York.

They Are First Cousins.

Dear Betty:
I am a young lady of twenty-seven, and am deeply in love with my first cousin, who is two years my senior. I love him very much, and I'm sure that he loves me just as much. But of late he seems to be acting very queerly toward me. Is it legal for us to marry or not? I ask your advice, as I hope to be his wife some day.

NEVAINE!

It is legal in some States, not in others. It is very unwise anywhere. Perhaps he has realized it.

She Seeks a Divorce.

Dear Betty:
I am a young woman twenty-five years of age. My husband deserted me nearly six years ago. I haven't heard from him in all that time. One year after marriage I secured a separation from him. He was ordered by the court to pay me \$5 a week for many, but I never received a cent from him. I have a child which he has never seen. Is there any way that I may secure my freedom from him?

C. R. L.

He Has Gold Mines.

Dear Betty:
I am sixteen and in love with a handsome young man. He has just become a millionaire and has just received a large fortune of several gold mines in Australia. My parents do not approve of our marriage. We are engaged. I have a beautiful ring.

He Passed Several Glances.

Dear Betty:
I am a young girl nineteen years of age and have been keeping company with a young gentleman the same age for about six months. While at a party a week or so ago I was introduced to a young man. He passed several glances at me, thus drawing my attention toward him. My gentleman, who accompanied me, found the out and seemed rather displeased. At supper he took me downstairs, as I had no other partner. After then he has been very cool toward me, calling at my house only once since. Then it was on business with my brother. What shall I do as I love this young man very much?

There is nothing to do unless you want to upbraid the young man for flirting, and that is generally an unwise thing. Let him alone awhile and he will come up smiling.

Market News.

Tommy Tomato, a bright youth, was visiting in Washington street to-day, making many friends at 20 cents a pound. His bright red face, solidity and juiciness indicated his careful hot-house training. Quite a novelty at this time of year to have a few cold slices of a ripe tomato on your lettuce salad.

By the way, brisk and white Boston lettuce, with the short, curly leaves, at 7 cents a head, was doing a good business.

String beans from Alabama, at 50 cents a half peck, formed a novelty in the market. Brown, a solid onion and serve on top of the boiled beans.

Fancy red pippins—the apple which made the Ozarks famous and beloved—held a levee at 40 cents for a dozen.

Meat Trust will let you have a pound of choice loin lamb chops for 22 cents—a concession.

Fifty cents for a pound of meaty mushrooms is not bad.

The Beautifying Bath.

WHILE the great majority of women have neither the facilities nor the time to take a full bath every day, nearly all can take a sponge bath, which is all that is necessary for cleanliness. A basin, a sponge and a cork mat comprise the essentials, and five minutes' application a day will keep the pores of the skin open and the body in a healthy condition. In order to live up to the ideal, a woman should be exquisitely and habitually clean, and rather oversteer than fall short of the so-called hygienic standard. It is advisable to be suspicious of neatness, if necessary, in order to perfect it.

In and Out of the Theatres

BY far the strongest and most sane argument for a national theatre yet offered is that made by Mr. James L. Metcalf in the current number of the Atlantic. "Is the Theatre Worth While?" is in itself decidedly worth while. The writer puts all ten of his fingers on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly, "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

BERNHART ended her first week with a bang—the double-barrelled shotgun bang that laid low "La Femme de Claude." She "crashed in her checks," as they say out West, to the amount of about \$2,000, according to reports from the box-office. In the Dumas drama, Eisen-like in its symbolism of villainous woman and her powder-dry and shot reward, she was catlike to the sharp point of claws. The play kept her always in the middle ground; she never rose to the heights. But at the afternoon performance of Racine's "Phedra" she gave nearly the full fifty-seven varieties of her stock of emotions. She pulled several new tricks out of her sleeve, astonishing even those who had watched her in all her other roles. "Phedra" was easily the finest performance of the week, one notable aside from Sarah herself, for the powerful portrayal of Thespes by M. Krauss. The Hippolyte of M. de Maas, while it smacked of the evening-school, and appeared too obviously to the matinee heart, was full of fire and youth. But, oh! those Greek costumes with French trimmings did so suggest the latest Paris styles.

WHEN told she was to meet Mark Twain at the benefit performance for Jewish sufferers in Russia at the Casino this afternoon the tactful Sarah remarked: "Ah! I wonder have I read enough of his books to be able to talk to him?"

GEORGE C. BONIFACE, JR., going home from the Manhattan Theatre, discovered a tall, dark individual feebly appearing for the support of a lamp-post on a quiet corner of upper Broadway and weeping bitterly. "Why the grief, good stranger?" inquired Mr. Boniface.

"Do you see that?" answered the man, pointing to a small stone drinking vessel marked "For Cats and Dogs."

"Yes; but where does the tragedy come in?"

The tears of the convivial one fell in torrents as he replied:

"Just think of the many poor little cats and dogs that must annually perish from thirst because they cannot read!"

"TWIDDLE-TWADDLE" is the name of the new show that Joe Weber will give at the Music Hall on New Year's Night. Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy have conspired in the matter, and Marie Dressler is to be the heroine. She will be supported by extra cross beams, the hairless Bigelow, Tricie Friganna, Bonnie Maginn and others who are no strangers to the place, while Erminie Earle and May Montford will be among the newcomers. Al Holbrook will be the stage manager.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Child's Nightgown—Pattern No. 5,228. with 2 yards of edging.

Pattern 5,228 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.